

Items, General and Personal, Of Interest to G. P. O. Workers

Following rapidly the recent sudden death of Mr. Leese, who had served the Evening Star to the employees of the G. P. O. for more than thirty years...



THOMAS L. JONES. Popular Singer.

Thomas L. Jones is a native of Rockport, Ind., where he learned the printing business and published a paper prior to accepting an appointment in the Government Printing Office...

Organized labor has done great work in putting up wages, but the other people have more than kept pace in putting up prices of things and must buy.

George H. Stull and J. Dan Ligon, of the reviser, were absent most of the week, and Reader Henry Noyes is also still on the sick list.

The entertainment of Electrotypes' Union, No. 17, at National Rifles Army on Friday evening, was about the most enjoyable event of the kind pulled off by any organization so far this winter...

Former President T. C. Parsons, who has been very ill in Richmond, Va., where he was acting in the capacity of I. T. U. organizer, is reported as almost fully recovered.

Washington Woman's Auxiliary, No. 13, will hold an open meeting at Typographical Temple on Thursday evening, February 3, to which members of Columbia Union and their families are earnestly invited.

Walter E. Warren, son of Charles N. Warren, of the monotype section, will manage the Frankfort (Ky.) baseball club of the Bluegrass League next season.

A recent temporary appointee as a compositor is said to have had the honor of being the one first to unfurl the American flag over Alaska Territory.

Charles W. Otis was reported early in the week to have been able to go out on the street, but has suffered a relapse.

Col. Harry Lazelle maintains the dignity of his promotion to the watch force in a manner becoming his eighty-one years.

George Hupert, proofreader on the Star, lost his father recently, his death occurring at Greensboro, Pa., where he had resided all of his eighty-two years.

Harry Kettner, of the elevator force, has acquired the Bloomingdale route of the daily and Sunday Washington Herald, and if you have any complaint to make of the service he is the man to go to.

Pressman John Kemper, who was injured by having his hand caught in one of the web presses last week, had no bones broken, but the hand is so badly lacerated that he will be disabled for quite a while.

George Berry, George C. Huber, and Joseph J. Keefe have received temporary appointments and have been assigned to Foreman Bowen's section.

Maker-up P. M. McCallum, of the "Y" contingent, document section, has been on the sick list, due to an aggravated attack of grippe.

Ben Hanford, whose death occurred in New York on January 25, at the age of forty-nine years, was well known here. He worked in the G. P. O. at one time, and his first fame as an orator was made on the floor of Columbia Union.

Recent advices from Pensacola, Fla., bring the cheering intelligence that W. J. Lillard, a former compositor in the document section, has met with great prosperity. In addition to a fine situation on the leading daily, he is interested in the publication of the Pensacolaian, a monthly journal, director in the chamber of commerce, director in the Fair Association, and commodore of the boat club.

Every employee of the G. P. O. should lend his aid to the great work the Anti-Food Trust League is undertaking to help the consumer.

W. C. T. U. PLANS BUILDING.

Building House May Be Erected Near Willard Home in Illinois. Northwest Auxiliary, W. C. T. U., met at the sanatorium in Iowa circle Thursday, and many District officers and members of other auxiliaries were present.

My lips prayed soundless, old joys to find, My heart seemed clipped, my eyes grew blind. Didst thou come to redeem me with love's breath, Or bring the potion that means sweet death?

There is so much that I have missed Since thy lips grew cold that kissed and kissed. Hearts are so lonely, but tears are shed When women must fight and great men dead.

Hath death made me lose control Of what was mine within thy soul? Canst thou not know I need so much The soft vibration of thy touch?

Love's memories are like a flame of fire Across a soul that has known desire. Sweetheart, all that thou ever said or did Is smothered out with a coffin lid.

Will thou forgive my soul's riot, Thou so serene in death's quiet? The joys of the flesh thou deemst wrong Freedom thou hast from passion's song.

"For love's sweet sake" you came, you say— Love that guardeth from day to day Through death's waste and mysterious bars, Though thy soul hath reigned beyond the stars.

Thine eyes with tender tears grew wet; I should have known thou couldst not forget I was the life breath of thine heart. Is thy blood ablaze, thy pulse a heart?

God should have told me, in His home above, Thou wert watching me with tender love From out the broken years and shadows deep. Weidst wonder I knew it not, my sweet.

Go thou, now, and rest thee; I will not weep again. My soul I'll keep with sunny smiles between, and then Spread thy impassioned smiles beyond death's waters deep— Ask God to give me, too, unfathomed sleep.

But while I wait I will find love's light, E'en though heart walleth, 'twixt morn and night. Life's richest meaning, "The what's to be will be." And to my soul will come what belongs to me.

ALLIE SHARPE BALCH, 1325 Euclid street, Jan. 17, 1910.

Emanipulators Indorse Chandler. At a recent meeting of the Lincoln Education League committee on plans for making emancipation day, April 16, a public holiday in this city, resolutions were adopted by this city, resolutions were adopted by this city, resolutions were adopted by this city...

Electrical Contractors Elected. Officers of the Electrical Contractors' Association for this year have been elected, as follows: President, John G. Odenwald; vice president, Robert Smith; secretary, George A. Young, and treasurer, William B. Watzell, Luncheon was served in the club association rooms, 1215 H street northwest.

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WILL WRITE OF RUSSIA. Ellnor Glyn to Give Her Views on Muscovite Society. St. Petersburg, Jan. 29.—Mrs. Ellnor Glyn, of "Three Weeks" fame, is now in St. Petersburg, where her social campaign meets with less discouragement than did her visit to Washington during the Roosevelt regime. It is her purpose to write a book on the higher rounds of Russian society.

USES WIRELESS PHONE. Royalty Conveys Distance of 1,800 Miles with Success. Berlin, Jan. 29.—Long-distance telephoning by the Egner-Holmstrom system has proved a success in an experiment which was made last week between Stockholm and Karlsruhe, a distance of, roughly, 1,800 miles.

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SABBATH FOR THE CLERGY. Views of Prominent Washingtonians Arent Subject Discussed Last Week. That the laity of Washington was never intentionally selfish in any demands upon the time and strength of the clergy, that any call to minister to fancied needs was the result of lack of thought not lack of heart, that Washington's public were generous of spirit and warm of impulse when their interest was aroused or thought stimulated; the local clergy declaring in symposium in last Sunday's Washington Herald showed clear understanding of the people in this summing up.

Mr. Henry B. P. Macfarland, of the firm of Tucker, Kenyon & Macfarland—as he styles himself, though he will have a hard time living down the more familiar title of "our Commissioner"—says: "I have read with much interest the article on the need of a Sabbath for the clergymen. It is an imperative need. It is recognized in other cities by pastors who regularly take a day of rest in the week and guard it as carefully as their own health, believing it to be as important to their charges. Suicide is as bad in enthusiasm as in laymen. Between enthusiasm to their devotion and unwillingness to ask anything for themselves, most clergymen do not obey the Fourth Commandment as they should. In order that all may do so, the laymen of the churches must take the matter up, requiring the clergymen to take a day of rest each week and arrange for it as definitely as for the salary the church pays. It should be made a matter of business, for nothing could be more practical or necessary. Washington has suffered severely in the loss of noble clergymen, and if the laymen of a church will not take the necessary steps, public opinion of the community ought to force them to do so."

Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, who is hardly less admired for his active and sane interest in all matters pertaining to the church at large than for his brilliant literary attainments, writes: "I do not yet know very much about the practicability of a plan to arrange for a Sabbath for the clergy, but I am heartily in accord with anything that will help to lift the burden from the shoulders of the poor clergy anywhere and everywhere. My recent book, 'John Marvel,' was, in a way, written upon this idea, and I thought of dedicating it to the poor assistants and country clergy of the land."

Mrs. Lillian Rose Messenger, whose books of poems are to be supplemented by a very important prose work as mentioned in The Washington Herald a few weeks ago, ceased her work on the poems to write about the need of a rest day for the clergy as follows: "That the pastor and the priest, giving forth the spiritual bread of life, should have one day of seven, as his very own, in which to dwell apart, alone with only the silence of the Creator, and his own soul seems neither impractical nor unchristian. The blessed Christ set the example, and took time for communing, for strength, in the silence that sleeps among the lonely hills. After such refreshing calm and rest, David also exclaimed: 'The hills, whence cometh my rest.'"

"The spiritual worker needs that day of utter calm, and peace, when he may almost lose the words of warning to all forth some noble words of warning to all mankind that even the highest should heed; viz, The world is too much with us; late and soon, "Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers. In the words 'we lay waste our powers' there lies a volume of meaning."

Mrs. Mollie Elliot Sewell, whose facile pen has put forth "best sellers" for the enjoyment of many classes of readers, has given the unnecessary hardship in the life of the priesthood much serious study; she writes on the subject in connection with the need for "a rest day, all their own" as follows: "The life of a priest is the life of a soldier. He is expected to die at his post, and no matter how dangerous that post may be, when he drops, another stands ready to take his place. Such is the history of the Catholic priesthood all over the world. There are, however, some modifications which might be made in the life of a priest. One is, as regards fasting. The regulations for fasting were made nearly nineteen hundred years ago, in a different climate under different conditions. The priest of to-day has to follow them. Besides the abstinence from meat on Friday, which is not a special hardship, comes forty days in Lent when a priest, under an overwhelming burden of duty, is only half nourished. No change in this will come quickly, for the mere inertia of the world as an organization as the Catholic Church makes all change slow. That it ought to come, and it may come in the course of ages.

"So it is with extremely early rising. Most priests rise at 5 o'clock, and say a mass fasting at 6. The Jesuits rise at 5 from the beginning of their novitiate. This is in accordance with the habits of life of 500 years ago. To-day all those habits are changed, but the rule remains the same. The change, if it comes, must come through the protests of the laity, for no priest will complain any more than a good soldier will complain of his orders.

"Less fasting and later rising would lengthen the lives and strengthen the health of secular priests and of the religious orders both of men and women all over the world."

Dr. William Cabell Rives, who is a member of the vestry of the Church of the Ascension, and whose practical interest in all matters for the good of "the cause" and spread of religion, is demonstrated by his gift last week of a chapel to the colored people of the city, says: "I do not think that a minister breaks the spirit of the Fourth Commandment when he 'takes the ox out of the mire,' but it is the duty of each vestry to give all the assistants and assistance to the head of the congregation that the funds of the parish permit. If this is freely done, there will not be so great a need for a 'rest day for the clergy.'"

HEPTASOPHS TO INSTALL. Potomac Conclave, Improved Order of Heptasophs, will hold a public installation of officers at Pythian Temple on Thursday at 8 p. m. Supreme officers and prominent members will be present, and a programme of good talent has been arranged by the entertainment committee, composed of Norman W. Nicholson, chairman, and Messrs. Cohen, Goldsmith, Silverman, and Beveridge. Refreshments will be served.

FAMOUS SONGS AND THEIR HISTORY. No. 29. "THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET." SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood, And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell; When fond recollection presents them to view! Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing, The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tanked water-pool, And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.

And every loved spot which my infancy knew; The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket, The wide-spreading pond and the mill that stood by it, The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well.

The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell; How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive it, The cot of my father, the dairy house high it, As poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips! Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it.

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket, The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well, Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips, And now, far removed from the loved habitation, The tear of regret will intrusively swell.

For often at noon, when returned from the field, As fancy reverts to my father's plantation, I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure, And sighs for the bucket that hung in the well; The purest and sweetest that nature can yield, The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket, How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing! The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well.

"The Old Oaken Bucket" has held a warm place in the hearts of all lovers of music, as well as lovers of pretty sentiment, for close to 100 years. It appeals to young and old alike. It is so clean, refreshing, and full of thought. It has a considerably wider expression than is conveyed in the one incident it represents, for not only the favorite drinking place is conjured in the mind, but many other things are reverted to in the glance backward to former scenes and associations.

A number of stories are related as to the incident that suggested its writing to Mr. Samuel Woodworth, but the following is no doubt the most authentic: At the time of its composition, in 1817, Mr. Woodworth and his family were living in Duane street, New York City. One warm day in August Mr. Woodworth came into the house and pouring out a glass of water, drained it eagerly. As he set it down, he exclaimed: "That is very refreshing, and how much more refreshing would it be to take a good, long draught from the old oaken bucket I left hanging in my father's well at home."

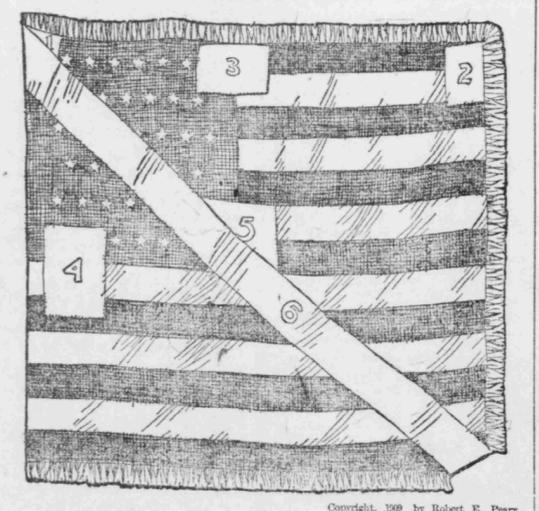
"Samuel," said his wife, "wouldn't that be a pretty subject for a poem?" Mr. Woodworth was a poet whose writings had attained a considerable degree of popularity. And like all writers, he accepted the suggestion, seized his pen, and as the home of his childhood rose vividly to his fancy, he wrote the familiar words. Another story that is related of how the poem had its origin is the following: Mr. Woodworth was a printer by trade. He was employed in an office on the corner of Chestnut and Chambers streets, in New York. One day, with a knot of brother types, he dropped in at an establishment kept by Mallory, on Franklin street, for the purpose of taking "some brandy and water," which Mallory was famous for keeping. The liquor was excellent and Woodworth seemed inspired by it; for, after taking a draught, he set his glass upon the table and, smacking his lips, declared that Mallory's eau de vie was superior to anything he ever tasted.

"No," said a comrade, "you are quite mistaken; there was one thing which, in both our estimations, far surpassed this, in the way of drinking." "What was that," asked Woodworth dubiously. "The draught of pure, fresh spring water that we used to drink from the old oaken bucket that hung in the well, after our return from the labors of the field on a sultry day in summer."

The tear-drop glistened for a moment in Woodworth's eye. "True!" he replied, and soon after he returned to the office, placed the pen, and in half an hour "The Old Oaken Bucket," one of the most delightful compositions in our language, was ready, in manuscript, to be embalmed in the memories of succeeding generations.

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FLAG PEARY NAILED TO THE POLE.



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